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Boudoir lyrics

Florence Wilson

44. 1628.



Florence Wilson,

On Stone by J. W. Goss, Charlotte St Fitzroy Square

M & N Hanhart, 10th Printers

LONDON
PUBLISHED BY J. JOHNSON, AND CO., CORNHILL.

184.



Handwritten signature or text, possibly a name, in cursive script.

BOUDOIR LYRICS:

BY

FLORENCE WILSON.

AUTHOR OF "LYRICS FOR LEISURE HOURS."

"A little book
That may, perchance, beguile
A dull, or lingering hour."



LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., CORNHILL.

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TO
THOMAS HARRIES WILSON, ESQ.
(35TH REGIMENT),
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
~~Is~~ Dedicated,
BY HIS AFFECTIONATE SISTER.

I.

My Brother, when to distant climes
Fate bids thee, far from hence away,
Thou wilt recall those happy times
Of earliest Youth's unclouded day ;
When, in our Home's domestic shrine,
Untouch'd by Sorrow or by Care,
The joys of Boyhood's hours were thine,
And I was proud those joys to share.

II.

Then, little did my heart presage,
Treading the humblest path of Fame,
I should inscribe this lyric page,
My Brother, with thy cherish'd name !
Yet well I know thou'lt fondly take
The offering, worthless though it prove,
And prize it for Affection's sake,
Memento of a SISTER's love.

A

Introductory Stanzas.

TO MY LYRE.

I.

Sweet Lyre ! thou bright'nest hours of pleasure
With many a gay and fairy strain ;
And often, too, thy dulcet measure
Has sooth'd or cheated hours of pain.
And yet the "worldly-wise" deride thee,
And deem that wasted are the hours
(They only blame who ne'er have tried thee)
In culling "fairy-fiction's" flowers.

II.

Sweet Lyre ! like Music's spell, thy numbers
Can charm the heart, but not betray :
Then, who would wake from Fancy's slumbers,
To Reason's sterner, colder sway ?
Oh, not the heart where every feeling
To Hope and Joy responding springs,
As zephyr, thro' the air-harp stealing,
Awakes sweet music from its strings.

(viii)

III.

Sweet Lyre ! with trembling hand I woo thee—

For some I love thy tones deride ;

Yet, Syren, yet will I pursue thee,

And win to smiles the lips that chide.

But, if like barque that braves the billow,

Such hopes are stranded on the shore,

Then, Harp, I'll hang thee on the willow,

And never wake thy numbers more.



THE BOUDOIR.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

(A SCENE.)

THE POET.

I would not rest me, with an humble name
Graved on the lowest pinnacle of Fame ;
No ! to the height of heights I fain would soar,
And, panting, climb till I could climb no more ;
Aspire to track the path that Shakespeare trod,
Or rise, like Milton, eagle-wing'd to God !
With Hemans strike the harp, all *but* divine,
And ne'er give cause to wish unwrit a line ;
With Byron fathom the abyss of thought—
Explore with Scott the realms by fancy wrought ;

With Moore the sweetest chords of feeling try,
And cull the fairest flowers of Poesy ;
With Landon tread the path where roses bloom,
That e'en in death shed fragrance round her tomb :
Such should my aim, my hopes, my efforts be,
Romance exclaims ;—now—hear Reality !

THE WORLD.

Know'st thou not, Fancy's child, " 'tis hard to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar ?"
Pause—let thy venturous step retreat in time,
If thou would'st not thy future fortunes mar.
Dost thou aspire to shine, amid the throng,
The idol or the envy of the World ?
Then turn aside, eschew the path of song,
And be the lyre for ever from thee hurled :
For ah ! the laurel of the Poet's fame
Springs from the dust that crumbles o'er his name.

Seest thou yon shrinking flower ?—its youthful brow,
Scarce stamped by womanhood, hath furrows now ;
And that soft cheek, for health alas too fair,
Has it not paled beneath the touch of care ?
And that blue eye, now sunk and dimm'd its ray,
Now lit with fires too bright—what doth it say ?

Tells it not all the sorrows that belong,
With few exceptions, to the CHILD OF SONG?
The heritage, the ban of Genius' doom;
A withering life, and oft too early tomb.

Whispers it not of thoughtful vigils, kept
Beside the midnight lamp, while others slept?
Betrays it not of mind the o'ertasked powers,
The mildew blight, that cankers youth's fresh hours?
Betrays it not the bosom's fever'd guest,
The mind that would aspire, and cannot rest;
The panting hopes with which the heart is rife,
That, vulture-like, feed on the stream of life?

Such is the spectre-crowd of ills, that throng
The gifted round; the heritage of song.
Thus REASON with prophetic voice and glance,
Would check the daring footsteps of ROMANCE.

THE YOUTH TO HIS WIDOWED MOTHER.

I.

Thou say'st that thou art old, Mother,
And a burthen art to me :
Ah, banish such a thought, Mother,
Nor let it cherished be !
For did'st thou know the joy, Mother,
I feel, thus to repay
Thy love, through Boyhood's years, Mother,
Thou'dst chase such thoughts away.

II.

I think of many a night, Mother,
When, my fever'd couch beside,
Thou vigil kept, to see, Mother,
Would life or death betide :
Memory must lose her power, Mother,
And sense oblivious be,
Ere I forget those hours, Mother,
Of untiring love to me.

III.

Thou say'st thine ear is dull, Mother—
That my voice to thee sounds weak ;
And thou fear'st it troubles me, Mother,
Much unto thee to speak :
Can I forget the voice, Mother,
O'er my cradle-bed that sung ?
Or the listening of thine ear, Mother,
To catch my lisping tongue ?

IV.

Thou say'st thine eyes are dim, Mother,
That objects faintly shine ;
That it pains thee e'en to read, Mother,
The Book of Truth divine :
I'll read that sacred page, Mother,
Thou read'st in youth to me ;
And through the mists of age, Mother,
Be eyes, and sight to thee.

V.

Thou say'st thy frame is weak, Mother,
That thy tottering steps move slow ;
And it wearies youth and health, Mother,
At Age's pace to go :—

Nay, rest thee on my arm, Mother,
With firmer, stronger grasp;
Lean closer to the heart, Mother,
That throbs beneath thy clasp.

VI.

Then let me with this kiss, Mother,
Thoughts so unkind assuage;
Dear is thy wrinkled cheek, Mother,
Sacred thy locks of age:
For I can ne'er forget, Mother,
All *thou* hast been to me;
And manhood's love shall pay, Mother,
The cares of infancy!

LOVE AND GLORY.

(A SCENE.)

I.

Glory and Love one day disputed
Their prowess o'er the human soul :
Love, Glory's sterner charms refuted ;
Glory denied Love's soft control.
So each agreed their power to test,
And thus unto the task themselves addressed.

II.

GLORY.

To arms ! the trumpet sounds !
Warrior ! 'tis Glory calls thee ;
At every note thy heart rebounds,
No idle fear appals thee.
No mistress the soldier knows,
Save Glory, his heart to share ;
He binds her laurel on his brows,
And owns no other fair.

LOVE.

III.

Warrior ! turn where Love, still smiling,
Bids thee share his myrtle-bower ;
Where minstrel lutes, in tones beguiling,
Lull thee at noon's fervid hour.
Ruder sounds shall ne'er pursue thee,
From the trumpet's brazen throat ;
But rose-crown'd Pleasure ever woo thee
Sweet as Philomela's note :
Come ! the perfumed-breathing gale
Wafts its odours through the grove,
Gentle as the tender tale
Whisper'd by the lips of Love.

IV.

Thus Glory and Love contended
Which had most the sway ;
But soon the contest ended,
For BEAUTY pass'd that way :
" Cease ! silly cavillers !" she cried ;
" As rivals why dispute ye ?
The quarrel *thus* I will decide ;—
(Glory and Love should be allied,)

The Rose and Laurel side by side
Shall grace the crown of Beauty.
And BEAUTY o'er the human soul
Holds undisputed most control !"



MY FAVOURITE TREE.

I.

I look with regret on my favourite tree,
Whose branches have oft been a shelter to me,
When the warm sunny light through its green foliage
 play'd,
And I paus'd 'neath its shelter to muse as I stray'd ;
Its branches are blighted, no leaf now remains,
And the sap is dried up in its emerald veins :
Yet its old wither'd branches are dear still to me,
And I look with regret on my favourite tree.

II.

I well can remember the bright, sunny noon,
When, from 'neath its green foliage, fate call'd me too
 soon ;
And I fled the calm scenes of my girlhood's sweet hours,
To mix with the crowd in the world's chequer'd bowers :
I look'd with a blush, and I turn'd with a sigh
To hours that were coming—to moments gone by ;—
What *then* was the world, or its follies, to me,
As I gazed with regret on my favourite tree ?

III.

I have mingled, since then, in the world's busy maze,
And scenes far less tranquil have courted my gaze :
I have trod festive halls, wreathed with garlands of green,
Where roses, though wither'd, made graceful the scene :
I have watch'd each young bud, drooping sadly away
'Neath the glare of the banquet's ungenial ray ;
And each leaf and each flower, as it faded, to me
Breath'd the dirge of regret for my favourite tree.

IV.

My favourite tree! may *my* Autumn's decline
Have as little of gloom in its features as thine !
Like thee, through the Winter of Age, may I stand
Waiting skies that bring verdure, and zephyrs more bland ;—
And remember, midst scenes of desertion and gloom,
That the Spring-time *will* come, with its buds and its bloom ;
And that, when the drear hours of life's Winter are past,
There's a season whose sunshine no cloud can o'ercast.

THE QUARRY.*

I.

Sweet Quarry! with thy leaf-crowned trees
Majestic waving in the breeze;
With gentle Severn gliding by,
Calm as the hours of Infancy;
And thy green, flower-besprinkled banks,
Where elves and fairies hold their pranks,—
From all life's crowds and follies free,
Dear are thy silent walks to me.

II.

Here meditative Thought may dwell,
Like hermit in some quiet cell:
Here Fancy wing her wildest flight,
Here Memory muse on past delight;
Which oft, amid life's fevered joys,
The world's too busy crowd destroys:
And here Imagination's power
May well beguile the passing hour.

* A very beautiful walk bordered by the Severn, in the ancient town of Shrewsbury.

III.

Sweet spot! to *me* thou hast a charm
Which other bosoms may not warm;
For o'er thy walks and verdant sod,
A Mother's infant footsteps trod;
And memories, cherished by my race,
Hallow to me each scene and place,
That with thy bowers and pathways blend,
Like memories of some early friend.

IV.

Quarry! my lot in life lies far
From where thy daisied meadows are;—
Yet Memory oft will call me back
To many a wild and wandering track,
Of sunny slope, and dingle shade,
Where now my gladsome feet have strayed;
And when far hence from thee I roam,
Thou still shalt be my Fancy's home.

THE CAPTIVE BIRD AND HIS MISTRESS.

(A SCENE.)

I.

BIRD.

Why am I doomed, in these sweet days of Spring,
To droop, a captive in my prison-cage ?
While other warblers through the air take wing,
Vainly *I* beat these bars, with idle rage.
Fair Mistress ! ope the door and set me free,
And I will pay thee back—the song of LIBERTY.

II.

LADY.

Ah ! but thou'lt not return ! When soaring free,
Thou wilt forget the gentle, girlish hand
That, with affection's fondness, tended thee ;
And thou wilt leave me for some brighter land :
Let me but clip thy wildly-soaring wing,
Or round thy leg entwine this silken string.

III.

BIRD.

Lady! the love that must be bound, secured,
Fettered—(although 'tis by a silken chain)
Is love that ne'er by Woman was endured :
The hope to hold *such* wanderer would be vain.
When Love once needs even a silken tye,
'Tis best to let the unwilling captive fly.

IV.

LADY.

Thou sayest aright : thus, then, I ope thy door,
And bid thee to go forth unfettered, free :—
Though I should hear thy dulcet strain no more,
I give thee back to life—to liberty !
Farewell ! thy flight a lesson will impart,
To shew no chains can bind, save those that reach the
heart.

BALLAD STANZAS.

I.

Look to yon Star ! when the Heavens are beaming
Brightly o'er Earth, with their gem-like fires ;
When the sad and the weary in sleep are dreaming,
And the lamp of the worn-out watcher expires ;
Look to yon Star ! it will tell to thee
What at *that* hour is my destiny.

II.

If brightly it shines—then Pleasure is spreading
Her roses and sweets in my youth's happy path ;
If palely it gleams—then Sorrow is shedding,
O'er myself and my loved ones, the vial of wrath ;
Then look to yon Star ! it will tell to thee
What at *that* hour is my destiny.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

I.

The butterfly folds its downy wings,
The bat flits round the ivied tower,
The ringdove in the valley sings :
'Tis Twilight's gentle hour ;
And earth is still, and skies serene,
And calmness reigns throughout the scene.

II.

All things in Nature seek repose
At this sweet hour, so calm, so blest ;
Ev'n zephyr quits the folded rose,
And sighs itself to rest :
While at the vine-clad cottage door
The matron's wheel is heard no more.

III.

And from the fev'ring cares of day
The mind should seek a brief repose,
Casting life's troubled thoughts away
At gentle Twilight's close ;

And peace should lull the scheming breast,
And bid the o'ertasked spirit rest.

IV.

That rest is not in crowded halls,
Where cheeks are pale, and lamps are bright;
Where the gay voice of Fashion calls
With promise of delight;
Where dying odours, fading flowers,
Mimic (how falsely) Nature's bowers!

V.

'Tis where the glowworm's spark is seen,
Amid the hedge-row shining bright,
And glist'ning from its leafy screen,
The fairies' path to light:
There let me roam at this still hour,
When Inspiration's spell hath power.

VI.

Or by the Ocean's winding shore,
Where restless tides its pebbles lave;
There would I wander, o'er and o'er,
Counting each rippling wave.
Amid such scenes 'tis sweet to live,
There peace the world can never give.

IMPROMPTU,

(WRITTEN ON HEARING MR. BRAHAM SING IN THE SAME
CONCERT WITH HIS TWO SONS.)

I.

In rivers that to Ocean run,
Master of Song ! thy course we see ;
Whose talent flows from sire to son,
On to posterity.

II.

How few there are in later days,
Upon whose brow the minstrel crown
Sheds, from its own unfading rays,
The light of Genius down !

III.

Long, gifted Veteran ! may'st thou give
Thy spell-like art to added fame ;
And, 'neath thine own bright laurels, live
To see them grace thy children's name.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON PERUSING CAPT. BRADFIELD'S INTERESTING
MEMOIR OF MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS DUNDAS.

[On the 3rd of June, 1794, the lamented Governor of Guadaloupe, General Thomas Dundas, died from yellow fever, after only three days' illness. By his death the West Indian army suffered an irreparable loss, and the service one of its brightest ornaments. He was interred with military honours on one of the highest batteries of Fort Matilda; and a tablet was erected by his brother officers, as a mark of their high esteem and their regret for his loss. Victor Hugues, on taking possession of the island in December, 1794, ordered "the monument that had been erected over the remains of General Dundas to be destroyed, his body to be taken up, and given as a prey to the birds of the air"—a conduct as mean and brutal as it was undeserved.—*Extract from the Memoir of Gen. Thos. Dundas.*]

I.

He died ! but not as Heroes die,
The death so envied by the brave;
Although the shouts of Victory
Echoed around his bloodless grave.

II.

He died ! not on the tented plain,
Amid the battle's glorious strife;
Where Freedom's cause thrills every vein,
And man with man contends for life.

III.

Stricken by Fever's dread decay,
Disease's direst power beneath,
His gallant spirit passed away,
To wear in Heaven the warrior's wreath.

IV.

They made his tomb where Heroes lie ;
A soldier's trophies decked his grave ;
And manly bosoms heaved the sigh,
And Valour mourned the good and brave.

V.

Hate, that had shamed a savage land,
Profaned the Hero's sacred sod ;
Scatt'ring with desecrating hand
The ashes that were shrined with God.

VI.

But, though a Tyrant's fiend-like aim
Denied the Soldier e'en a grave,
On the recording scroll of Fame,
His memory lives among the brave.

COME, DWELL IN MY COTTAGE.

(BALLAD.)

I.

Come, dwell in my cottage ! beside the calm waters,
Apart from the world and its cold-hearted crew ;
Where Contentment, the fairest of Earth's gentle daughters,
With flowers that are thornless our pathway shall strew :
There, far from the crowd and life's fev'ring pleasures,
Like the stream that flows past us, our lives shall glide on ;
Nor would we exchange for the miser's rich treasures,
An existence so blest, though to splendour unknown.

II.

I'll dream of Romance, though its visions are shaded,
And the sunlight of boyhood's gay morning is o'er ;
And though from thy heart girlhood's verdure has faded,
The smile of Affection its bloom shall restore.
Then hie from the world and its fevering pleasures ;
Like the stream that flows past us, our lives shall glide on :
Nor would we exchange for the miser's rich treasures,
The world Love shall make us,—a world of our own !

III.

Come, dwell in my cottage ! a palace excell'ing,
Since envy nor hate, 'neath its roof shall intrude ;
What matters how lowly the wall's of a dwelling
That each ruder feeling has power to exclude ?
Thy smile answers, "yes !" Give the miser his treasures,
Ambition its splendour, its power, and its wealth ;
All I ask, all I prize of life's perishing pleasures,
Is the maid I have chosen, contentment and health.



MY NATAL STAR.

I.

My Star, my own bright Star!
Gem of my destiny!
Thou bringest joy to me,
Shining afar.
I gaze, yet cannot tell
What is the secret spell
That lures mine eye to dwell
Ever on thee.

II.

My Star! my own bright Star!
When lov'd ones die,
My fondly-dreaming heart
Their Spirit deems thou art
In yonder sky!
That thy ethereal flame
Once warmed the mortal frame
Of those in whom I claim
A kindred part.

III.

My Star! my own loved Star!

'Tis but a Poet's thought;

Yet tho' from Reason far,

By Fancy wrought;—

Still may thy trembling beam,

Shine o'er my nightly dream,

And ever to me seem

With blessings fraught.

IV.

My Star! my worshipped Star!

If thou'rt Fate's mystic book,

Tho' dimly viewed afar

With timid look;—

Still may my fond eye trace,

While gazing on Heaven's face,

Thy brightly shining place,

My own bright Star!

ALLEGORICAL LYRIC.

I.

Youth, and Joy, and Hope, and Beauty,
Rambled forth one sunny day ;
Through the cowslip-studded meadows
Trilling many a jocund lay !
Youth, he laughed at Age's frown ;
Hope made sport of Sorrow ;
While Beauty wove a flowery crown
That faded ere the morrow !

II.

Youth, in crossing o'er a brook,
Heedless, tumbled in it :
Hope, held him out an angler's hook,
But the shore, Youth could not win it.
When Beauty went to help the boy,
The bait soon did its duty ;
Laughing, she cried, " What's Hope or Joy,
Without the aid of Beauty ?"

And on they strolled, and played and sung,
Careless of what came after ;
'Till Echo's voice, the woods among,
Caught up their silvery laughter ;
And thus through life we always find,
(Stoics the fact dispute ye ?)
Youth, Joy, and Hope, are all combined
In the magic train of Beauty !

THE DREAM.

I.

I dreamed—and oh! 'twas vision sweet—
That I, with lov'd ones severed long,
Met, as we oft were wont to meet,
'Mid scenes of Joy, and Hope, and Song.

II.

And there were smiles, and sparkling eyes,
Looking a language all their own;
And hearts that then wore no disguise,
O'er which no veil by art was thrown.

III.

The vision pass'd—swift as a gleam
Of sun, that shoots through April rain;
In tears I woke. Since Hope's a dream,
Oh, let me sleep, nor wake again!

SUMMER DAYS.

(CANZONET.)

I.

The Summer days are coming !
The leaves put forth their green ;
Flowers bloom, and bees are humming,
To gladden Nature's scene ;
Hope, in each bosom springing,
Sheds forth its fairy light :
Like sweet bells gaily ringing
To make the scene more bright.
The Summer days are coming !
The leaves put forth their green ;
Flowers bloom, and bees are humming,
Rejoicing in the scene.

II.

The Winter has departed,
And with it Nature's gloom ;
And man is joyous-hearted—
Renewed his spirit's bloom ;

The blast, that late was howling,
Now in a zephyr sighs ;
And the angry storm-cloud's scowling,
Gives place to azure skies.
The Summer days are coming !
The leaves put forth their green ;
Birds sing, and bees are humming,
Rejoicing in the scene !

III.

The murmuring fountain flowing,
From icy chains unbound,
Beneath the sun-beam glowing,
Hath music in its sound ;
While warbling birds, delighting
Their choral hymn to raise,
Are with all earth uniting
In gratitude and praise.
The Summer days are coming !
The leaves put forth their green ;
Birds sing, and bees are humming,
Rejoicing in the scene.

DAYLIGHT'S HOUR.

I.

Oh ! welcome daylight's hour !
When dew-drops gem the flower,
And every bush and blossom sparkles bright ;
When Night's curtains are withdrawn,
And, through the gates of dawn,
The bridegroom Sun comes forth in robes of light.

II.

Welcome ! when through the dark
The mariner's lone bark
First greets the herald of returning day ;
In streaks of golden light,
That lace the brow of Night,
And struggle through the mists their orient way.

III.

But welcome most of all,
To souls long held in thrall,

Beneath the sway of stern, corroding Care ;
Is HOPE's first dawning light,
Bursting the gloom of night,
Breaking the mental fetters of Despair !

IV.

The daylight's golden hour,
The drops that gem each flower,
Spangling the hedge-rows and the bushes bright :
All prove the Mighty Hand
Earth's beauteous scene that plann'd,
And lit the human mind with Reason's light !

V.

And when the morn shall rise
That rolls back earth and skies
Into the chaos of eternal doom ;—
The veil of Death withdrawn,
That everlasting dawn
Shall shed its light on worlds beyond the tomb.

AUTUMNAL LYRIC.

I.

Autumn is come ! the swallows are flying,
The leaves, sere and dead, in our pathway are lying ;
The wind whistles coldly, the sun palely shines,
And the bloom and the beauty of Nature declines.

II.

Autumn is come ! the Sportsman is hieing
Through brake and through heather ; the moor-game
is flying ;
The pheasant is scared from her snug woodland cover ;
The repose of the hare and the partridge is over.

III.

Autumn is come ! the corn-fields are gleaming
With rich waving gold ; and the vineyard is teeming ;
While the gay Harvest-Home, with the vintage-feast
vieing,
Is joy to the heart of the rustic supplying:

IV.

Autumn is come ! blest season of gladness ;
Where is the cold heart, repining in sadness,
That should not cheer up at the prospect before us,
When all the glad earth joins in one happy chorus ?

A GLANCE AT THE PAST.

I.

Here are my childhood's toys !
The same with which I played,
When life for me seemed full of joys,
And the world had no shade.
Here is the pictured book,
Of fairy-lore romance,
On which my glad eyes loved to look,
Through childhood's happy glance.

II.

Here are my girlhood's store
Of school-day gifts, by me
Valued than miser's treasure more,
And shrined in memory.
And here's the broken lute,
Unto whose shattered strings,
Though tuneless now, and idly mute,
What fond remembrance clings !

III.

Yes! those were blissful days!
Although I deemed not then,
I should through memory's vista gaze,
And wish them mine again.
For we too little prize
The present, when 'tis ours,
'Till through the future's tears and sighs
We cull its withered flowers!

IV.

Can womanhood supply,
With the heart's added store
Of worldly wisdom—joys to vie
With those I knew before?
Can newer friends be found,
Or more sincere—or true—
And smiles that shed more gladness round
Than childhood's pastimes knew?


V.

No! o'er the hours of youth
Hope holds a magic charm;
Then every promise breathes of truth,
And every heart seems warm!

Or, if upon the cheek
A tear perchance is seen,
The sunny light of joy will break
Those April-showers between.

VI.

For this, the eyes of age,
When they retrace the past,
Find, as they turn life's checquer'd page,
Its saddest is—the last.
And o'er the earliest leaf
With gentlest records stored,
Of sunshine bright, and shadows brief,
Memory's fond tears are poured !



A FANCY.

Star of my destiny ! (so fancy deems)
How oft I gaze upon thy vestal beams
In the lone vigils of the tranquil night,
When Fancy's lamp burns like thy fires most bright !
How oft I ponder what it is thou art
So to attract my gaze, and move my heart,
Thou mystic monitor ; for such to me
Thy gem-like orb has ever been—must be !
When bright thou shinest, in thine azure sphere,
I fancy good awaits my pathway here ;
But when obscured, or dim thy heaven-lit ray,
I deem some evil overhangs my way.
Tell me, thou burning orb, why thus to me
Thou seem'st the ruler of my destiny ?

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

I.

There is a land, where flowerets spring,
Where Fancy spreads her rainbow wing;
While fairy shapes within it move,
Breathing of beauty, grace, and love;
Peopled with radiant forms it seems—
It is the lovely LAND OF DREAMS!

II.

That land, the happy, and the young,
Wander its blissful bowers among;
To them are oped its fairy charms,
When slumber, Reason's power disarms;
Each joy of earth reflected seems,
To youth, within the LAND OF DREAMS!

III.

There is a land, where terrors bind
In spell-wrought chains, the victim's mind,

Where ghastly shapes its deserts throng,
Or glide its gloomy shades among ;
Where Hope ne'er sheds her cheering beams,
It is the fearful LAND OF DREAMS !

IV.

That land, the fevered mind of Care
Wanders, companion of Despair ;
The flowers look withered 'neath the tread,
And all the " life of life " seems fled ;
Blessed to the sleeper, are the beams
That call him from that LAND OF DREAMS !



THE VOICE OF CAMBRIA!

A LYRICAL ADDRESS,

WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION OF THE BALL, HELD AT WILLIS'S
ROOMS, ON THURSDAY THE 20TH APRIL, 1843, IN AID OF THE
FUNDS FOR THE WELSH CHARITY.

I.

Again the voice of CAMBRIA calls
Her children to the festive scene ;
Again are wreathed the flower-crowned walls
With Pleasure's garlands, fresh and green !
Again her native harp is strung,
Again her minstrels wake the lay,
Again the song of joy is sung,
To welcome Cambria's holiday.

II.

She calls her daughters to prepare
Their footsteps for the mazy dance ;
She calls her gallant sons to share
The scene which Beauty's smiles enhance ;

Again, in one united band,
She bids them rally for the weal
Of their own native "mountain-land:"
Can CAMBRIANS turn from such appeal?

III.

The generous cause for which ye meet,
(Blessings to others to impart,)
Will make the dancers' bounding feet
Respond the music of the heart!
No glimpse of misery will appear,
Like shades, that o'er the dial fall;
But smiling happy faces cheer,
And look their gratitude to all!

IV.

Joy, unalloyed, shall speed the hours
Till the first blush of morning's light;
And Pleasure strew, with thornless flowers,
Life's path-way, on this revel-night!
For beauty shall the rose be twined,
(Love's conqu'ring wreath ne'er twined in vain;)
Come, CAMBRIANS, come! leave care behind,
And gaily join the festive train.

STANZAS.

“ — Take the good the Gods provide thee.”

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

I.

Oh ! why should we turn from the joys of the present,
To muse on the sadness of scenes that are past ?
Or why, when the sunshine of morning is pleasant,
Should we think that dark clouds may the evening
o'ercast ?

II.

As well may the sailor, when calm is the ocean,
Look back to the waves he is leaving behind ;
Or when his bark glideth with gentlest motion
In the zephyr's soft breath, fear the roar of the wind !

III.

Oh ! never let mortals anticipate sorrow,
But look on the world where 'tis brightest and best ;
And believe that the sun will arise on the morrow
With the same golden rays as when sinking to rest !

OUR NATIVE LAND.

I.

There is a feeling in the human soul,
That draws it ever to one spot of earth
With ties of love, no time can e'er can control;
It is the land that gave existence birth!

II.

Unto no age or country 'tis confined—
Wealth owns its sway, and Poverty its power;
'Tis felt alike by the rude labouring hind,
And Beauty in her rose-encircled bower!

III.

The Soldier, 'mid the din of war's alarms,
Where conquest's banners float above the brave;
Wishes, when sinking into Victory's arms,
His native bells might ring above his grave.

IV.

The Sailor, 'mid the toil of Ocean's strife,
Braving alike "the battle and the breeze,"
Turns with fond memory to the village life,
Where his young boyhood played amid the trees.

V.

The Statesman, Courtier, Poet, feel the same,
While mingling 'mid Ambition's struggling crowd
To win the empty honour of a name;—
All are alike by this sweet influence bow'd.

VI.

And whether on the land or on the wave,
The proudest, or the poorest son of earth,
The jewelled Monarch, or the fettered Slave,
All hold the land most dear that gave them birth!

ANACREONTIC.

I.

There will come a time
 When the forms now flying
Through the mazy dance,
 In stillness will be lying ;
When the bounding feet
 Will lack their fairy lightness,
And the eyes grow dim
 Now shedding rays of brightness.

II.

There will come a time
 When o'er the scenes now ringing
With Mirth and Music's chime,
 Grief will her pall be flinging ;
Ah ! then the shattered lute,
 And wreath of faded flowers,
Will be mementos mute
 To tell of vanished hours.

III.

There will come an hour
When the wine-cup's brightness
Will lose its magic power
To wake the Spirit's brightness ;
When for drops of joy
'Twill give forth tears of sadness,
And shadows will alloy
Its rosy hues of gladness.

IV.

There will come an hour
When all most prized will perish
Beneath Time's tyrant power,
That tramples all we cherish ;
Then, while to-day is ours,
We'll fill life's brightest measure,
When freshly bloom the flowers
Which most we love to treasure !

THE RAINBOW.

I.

I saw (when summer clouds were shedding
Upon the earth their crystal showers,
New verdure over Nature spreading
And tinting with fresh hues the flowers ;)

II.

The bow of Heaven, its colours blending
Amid the storm-cloud's darker dies ;
Faintly at first, but soon extending
In one bright arch along the skies.

III.

And my heart whisper'd, "murmur, never ;
For those who view Earth's scenes aright,
Amid life's storms, some RAINBOW ever
Appears, with Hope their path to light."

A MIDNIGHT SCENE.

“What is’t ye do?”—MACBETH.

Her cheek is pale, but her eye is bright,
With the meteor flash of excitement’s light ;
And gay falls the laugh from her silvery tongue,
Like sweet bells that mingle the breezes among ;
As proudly she sits in that gorgeous room,
Like a sybil of old dealing Fate and Doom !

The lamps a softened radiance shed
On the board where those pictured shapes are spread,
That have whelmed more souls than the ocean tides
Have human forms, when the Storm-King rides,
In his car of waves, o’er the boiling surge,
With Tritons singing the seaman’s dirge.

All that can charm the sense or the eye,
The smile of beauty—the witchery

That music sheds o'er a scene so fair,
Are gathered in one bright circle there ;
And the ruby wine hath a richer light,
As it kisses the lip that its blushes invite ;
For the Demon of Play, to whose direful power
That altar is raised at the midnight hour,
Knows well how to weave his spells around
The victims his fatal arts have bound.

Oh ! fearful are the vigils kept
At that Mammon-shrine: angels have wept
(While looking from those starry spheres
That should be all undimmed by tears)
Drops that have fallen, like summer dew,
“ Earth's fading blossoms to renew,”
To see the wreck such vice hath made
In souls that else had known no shade !

Of all the passions that deform
And rend the mind with whirlwind storm,
GAMING ! thou art the most accursed —
Of all earth's thousand ills, the worst ;
Want, Poverty, Despair, and Woe,
Are thine attendant fiends below ;

And (but that boundless Mercy reigns,
After sin's penalties and pains,
For the repentant Soul above)
Thou would'st be barred from heavenly love !

The reckless youth, to manhood grown,
When once the fatal seed is sown,
Rushes 'mid Ruin's torrent-stream,
Lured by that *ignis fatuus* gleam,
That leads his dazzled vision on,
Till fortune, honour, hope, are gone ;
And in the madness of despair
Closes his sorrows, crimes, and care.

Alas ! that Woman's breast should be
Of *such* a vice the sanctuary !
That *she*, to whom the task is given,
As delegate on earth from heaven,
To win Man's heart to Virtue's way,
A trust so sacred should betray !
Oh ! did her gentle heart but know
The harvest of that seed of woe,
By Folly's hand unheeded sown,
That heart such influence would disown,

And dedicate its purer powers
To crush the blossom ere it flowers.

Beauty ! as from contagion, fly
The infatuating Card, or Die ;
Be it thy task to tune the lute—
To lend a grace to each pursuit
Of Art or Pleasure, that may tend
To soothe, to soften, or amend
The sterner path that Man *must* tread,
And 'mid Life's thorns some roses shed ;
His errors tenderly remove,
And lead him back to peace and love !

IMPROMPTU STANZAS.

(WRITTEN ON READING THE ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF
COLONEL ELLISON.)*

I.

Weep not! he died 'mid his comrades in arms,
Surrounded by Honour and Fame;
Though far from the battle-field's fearful alarms,
When Death came the soldier to claim.
Yet, weep not! he died as a Hero should die,
While the flag of his country swept gallantly by!

II.

Mourn not! he died, while the eyes of the brave
Gazed on, thro' their struggling tears;
While Affection embraced him, tho' powerless to save,
With the fondness that Woman endears.
Mourn not! he died as a soldier should die,
While the flag of his country swept gallantly by!

* Seldom has the warning passage of Scripture, "In the midst of life we are in death," been more vividly and awfully illustrated than it was on Monday, in Hyde-park, by the sudden death of Colonel Ellison; who,

surrounded by the men he commanded and by his brother officers, gave up his last breath to "grim-visaged Death," whom "many times and oft" he had faced on the field of battle without dismay. The gallant Colonel, as was usual, met the first battalion of the grenadier guards, which he commanded, in Hyde-park, whither they had gone from St. George's Barracks, Charing Cross, for the purpose of inspection, previous to going on duty for the day. On the troops entering the park near Apsley-house, the gallant Colonel met them, and preceded them to the open part of the park near Stanhope-gate, where the inspection took place. About a quarter before nine, the men having gone through their exercise to the satisfaction of the late gallant officer, they deployed into line for the purpose of saluting their commander, the drums beating and colours flying. The Colonel at this time was conversing with his junior officers, and appeared in excellent health and spirits. The men having finished deploying, the gallant officer called out, "Present arms!" and with the same breath ejaculated, "Oh, God!" placing his hand to his heart. He would have fallen from his horse had not some of his companions caught him. On being lifted from his horse he was laid upon the green sward, and several men being soon in attendance, pronounced life to be extinct. A most painful scene here took place. The deceased's daughter, who had accompanied her parent to witness the inspection, and who, in the first of the morning, was all smiles and joy, was at her father's side, trying, but in vain, to restore him to a state of consciousness. The circumstance was too much even for some of the oldest soldiers present, who, although they did not shed tears, as many did who witnessed the sad exhibition, showed by their countenance that they felt most keenly. With some difficulty the young lady was removed from the lifeless body, and was conveyed in a state of extreme mental suffering to her residence. The deceased, guarded by a double file of the troops, who had so recently been bereft of a gallant commander, was borne to his house. He was in his 64th year, and was in the army throughout the whole of the Peninsular war, and present at some of the most important battles, including the ever-memorable field of Waterloo.—*Sunday Times, July 9th, 1843.*

THOUGHTS

(WHILE SITTING FOR MY PICTURE).

I.

And this will last, and be the same
When I from earth have pass'd away ;
E'en when the soul's undying flame
No longer lights the mortal's clay ;
And eyes this form will ponder o'er
When mine can look on them no more.

II.

And this will last—its features still
Unchanged by sorrow, care, or clime ;
The smile no lapse of years can chill,
The cheek unfurrow'd still by Time,
Will look, as here they look to-day,
When I from earth have pass'd away !

III.

But will not those, who tell me now
My image in their hearts they wear,
Before some newer idol bow,
And pay the flatterer's homage there;
And gaily bend the pliant knee
In mockery of idolatry?

IV.

Not all, not all; some will remain
Fond and unchanging to the last;
Who ne'er will break the gentle chain
Affection round the heart has cast;
But by the light of Memory's ray
Will view me when I'm pass'd away.

THE BOY AND HIS TUTOR.*

I.

"Teach *me* the word of God,"

A youthful pupil said

To his preceptor, as he saw

The sacred book he read.

II.

"As yet thou art too young,

My child," was the reply,

"Those sacred mysteries to explore

That dazzle mortal eye."

* The above lines were suggested by the following anecdote, introduced in a Sermon preached by the Hon. and Rev. Orlando Forrester, at St. Julian's Church, Shrewsbury, May 14th, 1843:—"A young boy in the east, asked his preceptor to teach him the word of God. The master replied, he was too young to understand the mysteries of the Holy Book *he* was perusing. 'But,' said the child, 'I have been into the grave-yard, and measured many of the stones; some of them covered younger boys than I, and surely if I am not too young to die, I am not too young to learn the holy word of God.'"

III.

"Master!" he answered mild,
"To the churchyard oft I've sped,
Where waves the grass and wild flowers high,
Above the quiet dead.

IV.

"And, as I sat me down,
And gazed upon each stone—
Some covered little ones like me,
Some pressed on those full grown.

V.

"I'm not too young to die!
Then may I be forgiven,
To say I'm not too young to know
The road that leads to Heaven."

Gaities.

"From grave to gay."

THE BALL.

I.

Laura, *ma belle*! don't go to sleep;
We *have* had such a lovely ball;
I've been engaged four waltzes deep!
Come, wake up, and I'll tell you all.
But first, just let me take a glass
Of *eau sucrée*—I feel quite faint—
And three small drops of *fleur d'orange*—
(That Weippert's band would move a saint.)

II.

First, with the *blasé* Count d'Etoffe,
I dawdled through a dull quadrille;
He'd nothing *piquant*—nothing new,
His routine of small talk to fill.
“ 'Tis very warm—the room how full—
I wish we next the door had stood,
You've heard the song of 'Berlin Wool,'
Which Parry sings—'tis very good.

III.

“ Our *vis-à-vis* is a fine *gurl*,
’Pon honour—very fine, I vow ;
But then her hair is out of curl,
Though for the heat one must allow.
But curling fluid is not dear,
Nor *pâte-fixé*—and I hate
To see a girl, with brow so clear,
Her ringlets wear, like ‘ Crazy Kate.’ ”

IV.

Well, of his Countship I got rid,
And with a youth, both *gauche* and tall,
Next through the gallopade I slid ;
But *his* small talk was worse than all.
“ Seen the new ballet, Miss ? they say
Esler has gained one triumph more ;
Tuesday I could not get away ;
’Twas foreign post night—deuced bore ! ”

V.

Then through the giddy *valse* I whirled,
With *such* a love ! his graceful air,
As breathless round the room we twirled,
Made all exclaim, “ sure such a pair

As *that*, before, were never seen—
So justly formed hearts to subdue.”
(I known his name, which I don’t mean
To tell—not even, dear, to you.)

VI.

He held my hand, he clasp’d my waist,
Lightly encircled by his arm ;
Each step, each look, displayed the taste
That gives the *valse* its highest charm.
But, oh ! before the tune had ceased,
My sandal broke, and down I fell ;
(I was not frightened in the least,
Tho’ it too rudely broke the spell).

VII.

To tell the numbers else, with whom
Through the gay scene I sped along
The mazes of that wax-lit room,
The brightest of the glittering throng,
Memory wont serve : I only know,
Mamma, her accents elevating,
At five cried, “ Julia ! we *must* go,
You’ve kept the carriage three hours waiting.”

THE FANCY FAIR.

I.

Now, come and assist me, dear Susan,
For short is the time we've to spare,
To arrange, from chaotic confusion,
Our stall for Count Hum's fancy fair.
The day is all beauty and brightness,
Tout le monde will flock thither to buy ;
And the Count, with his usual politeness,
Wants *our* counter the rest to outvie.

II.

Here are watch-guards of hair, neatly plaited,
Chains, pin-cushions, bouquets, and gloves ;
Canes, work-boxes, albums high-rated,
(Those resorts for the Graces and Loves).
Fairy mirrors, for beauty to gaze in,
And study each glance and each sigh ;
Magic wax, like Love's torch, instant blazing,
That can flame to the coldest supply.

III.

Lord Trinket is coming to purchase
For Lady Grace Gaylove a fan;
Miss Wrinkle (I hope she wont lurch us)
Bade me save her a nice China-man.
Madame Bluster, if one may believe her,
Will pay for this ivory dove;
And 'twas hinted to me, Ensign Lever,
For "Friendship would take away Love."

IV.

Colonel Dashall, who saw it when painting,
Intended to purchase this screen;
And little Miss Jones will be fainting,
If she don't have the large mandarine.
The kennel of cardboard, so sweetly
Like a cottage with roses entwined,
Fitted up for a poodle completely,
Widow Loveless will purchase, you'll find.

V.

All tastes must be pleased, and all suited,
From the "Gent" in his sky-satin vest,
To the gallant Hussar, spurr'd and booted,
For my tact in selecting's confess'd.

And when, with his purchase presented,
If the purchaser presses your hand,
Such *tendresse* must not be resented ;
So your blushes and anger command.

VI.

You'll pardon these hints of instruction,
And kindly attend to them all :
Remember, we make no deduction,
Did a purchaser buy the whole stall.
By the way, I'd forgotten to mention
(As yet to *fair-trading* you're strange)
On *this* point I *must* press your attention—
'Tis not thought *comme-il-faut* to give *change*!

THE LOVE GIFTS.

I.

LA FLEURIE ! go fetch me the gloves
He bought at the last fancy-fair,
And the small turquoise brooch, where the doves
Are link'd with a lock of his hair.
The flacon of *Eau de Cologne*,
(Which Breidenbach calls *Eau de Vie*),
Alas ! all its fragrance has flown,
Since the giver is faithless to me.

II.

The card-case, the ring, the bouquet
I retain'd, of its beauty when shorn,
Which he gave me the last gala day,
When we danced on the lawn at Cremorne.
The album, wherein he inscribed
Sweet verses, that charm'd like a spell,
And in metaphor often contriv'd
The depth of his passion to tell.

III.

The crimson-bound annual he bought,
The last witching ballad he sung,
The words how enchanting I thought
When breath'd by his musical tongue !
The blue parasol which he chose,
With its border like lace-work to see,
No longer its folds I uncloze,
For the world has no sunshine for me.

IV.

The bird in the gay gilded cage,
The squirrel in bright treadmill pent,
No more shall my fondness engage ;
Such pets with sad mem'ries are blent.
To mamma's sage advice I'll attend ;
These baubles I'll carefully pack,
And by " Parcel Delivery" send
(Carriage-paid) all Love's offerings back.

V.

He shall find that " no nonsense" I'll stand ;
Such conduct is *not* to be borne ;
And the next time we meet in the Strand,
He shall see I can pass him with scorn.

The garb of affection I'll doff,
Since conduct so false he pursues ;
And to Norwood's fair gardens I'll off
With young Cornet Cuff of the Blues.



WHEN I WAS FIRST IN PRINT.

I.

How well do I remember
The hour, when first in print,
I saw my Fancy's earliest born
On a leaf of snow-white tint!
How flush'd my cheek, how throb'd my heart,
As that Annual met my gaze;
Such joy no after-years impart,—
They are for girlhood's days.

II.

Few years have pass'd since then, yet still
I've seen enough, to know
The Author's lot is seldom cast
Without the pale of woe;
To feel, amid the flowery wreath
That *should* his path adorn,
The rose for him conceals beneath
Its leaf an added thorn!

III.

Where are the friendships of the heart,
That in life's earlier days,
Could music to my soul impart
Beyond the flatterer's praise ?
They're past ; and Envy's jaundic'd eye,
Where earth's worst passions blend
With startled glance, I now descry
In many an early friend !

IV.

Why should love change itself to hate,
Or else the bitter scorn,
(That worst of all the ills of fate)
Of smiling malice born ?
Where purer feelings ought to dwell,
Why should a lava flame
Wither up friendship's gentle spell,
In breasts that pant for Fame ?

V.

Surely the gifted mind should be
Such littleness above ;—
And join as one bright family
Link'd in the bonds of love !

The world has paths enough for all,
The humble, as the proud ;
Nor need the great against the small
Jostle in life's vast crowd.

VI.

"None but an author knows," 'tis said,
"An author's many cares ;"
Thus when Hope's early rose is dead
Its stem a thorn still bears.
Yet still I love to contemplate
That page of brightest tint,
Engraved in Memory's book, where first
I saw myself in print.

